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PART THREE

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Howard County Murder of Half a Century Ago Whose Perpetrators Were Never Punished

The Case of Miss Shafer Recalls it to the Mind of the One Aged Citizen Who is Now Familiar with the Circumstances, and Who at the Time Was a Suspect

The Haunted Cabin

DANIEL RAREY, eighty-two years old, and a resident of Kokomo, is the only person, so far as known, in Howard county, who knows anything definite about the circumstances of the death of Nelson Brewer in 1847. Mr. Rarey was himself arrested for his supposed connection with the affair, but shortly afterward was released, it being evident that he was an innocent man.

The story is one of pathos and the tragedy of a disappointed love, of the cruel consequences of parental opposition and of death following close upon the heels of blighted affection.

Nelson Brewer, a handsome and gallant Kentuckian, came one day into the rural neighborhood of Howard township, east of Kokomo, Ind., to work as a hired man in the fields. It was not long until he conceived an attachment for the good-looking daughter of one of the farmers of the settlement, Miss Garrigher. It was an attachment which did not please the girl's father. When Brewer left the settlement one day for a short visit to his native State he told his sweetheart that he would soon return and they would then be married. Weeks passed and no word came from the lover. If his bethrothed felt the sting and reproach of his silence and neglect and seeming desertion she said not a word to anyone.

The young man who was a favorite of the young lady's father pressed his suit, and in time was accepted by the young woman, and the marriage soon followed. To the surprise of everyone, Brewer, the absent lover, appeared one day to claim the heart and hand he had won. The impulse to rush to Brewer's side was one the young wife found it impossible to resist and her husband's newly established home was wrecked and ruined.

That night a mob was formed and Brewer was torn from the side of the woman he loved, who begged piteously for "God's sake to spare his life!" for she "loved him! loved him!" There was no doubt in Brewer's mind, as he was dragged, cursing and resisting, who comprised the mob with blackened faces. In the rear of a little church, where there is a rough broken stretch of ground, Brewer was conducted and tied to a small tree. Brewer cursed his tormentors, who applied switches with lusty blows, drawing blood from the quivering flesh. He exclaimed that if life was spared he would kill the last man of them. Some one, wrought to a frenzy of fear or excitement, rushed forward and plunged a knife into his side. Brewer's death had not been intended, but he died straining against his bonds with a curse upon his lips.

The next morning broken and bloody switches were found scattered about the scene of the death. No trace of the body could be found. The popular belief was that it was thrust into a bog and afterwards removed to a gully, where it was forced under a pile of brush over which a small stream leaped to the creek below and from this circumstance the spot has since been known as "Dead Man's Glen." The finding of a skeleton where some of the men were digging a ditch started the rumor that it was Brewer.

Mr. Rarey, in speaking of the affair the other day, dwelt upon the peril circumstantial evidence may have to the innocent. Lawyers have in their libraries a book which treats only of cases where innocent men were convicted by circumstantial evidence and their innocence afterwards established.

Mr. Rarey's arrest was due to the single circumstance that one man believed to be in the mob had called at Mr. Rarey's home and frankly told his wife that he was there to solicit her husband to join the mob, then forming. The death that resulted was not then contemplated. Mrs. Rarey was not competent as a witness. Her husband began at once to worry as to how he should prove his presence elsewhere during the commission of the acts of the mob. His children were too small to be witnesses in his behalf.

Upon his return home Mr. Rarey, still ignorant of Brewer's death, was awakened near midnight by a babel of voices and the barking of dogs. He supposed that the party was one of lost hunters. He saw the approach of the men with swaying lanterns. Although submitting to arrest and trial, he was promptly released. But a remarkable thing occurred during the two examinations to which he was subjected by the justice in conducting the court of inquiry. Men whom Mr. Rarey was sure belonged to the mob stealthily approached him and whispered: "Don't be in a hurry, Rarey." But he was in a hurry, since, being innocent, he had no interest in delay, as time revealed that his advisers had. As soon as possible those suspected sold all they had and left the country. Some did not wait even to dispose of their property. One day a party of men who were working upon a bridge saw a woman run across the field close at hand and exclaim loud enough for them to hear: "They have found the body!" Her brothers whom she addressed, and who were working in the woods, cut the harness off their horses and, leaping astride, disappeared and were never seen again in the neighborhood.

Daniel Rarey

Mr. Rarey was told by a friend of suspected members of the mob that if he would go to a certain cornfield and hoot like an owl certain men would appear. This he did—the men appeared, and he brought up the subject of the mob and advised those to whom he was talking to turn State's evidence. They went so far with him as to say: "If we did that the others would kill us." No one was ever brought to justice for the crime. All trace of the principal participants was finally lost, even to Mr. Rarey, who was perhaps the best acquainted with them of any man in the county.

There is a log cabin in the neighborhood of the tragedy which has long had the reputation of being haunted, since its abandonment, by the spirit of Brewer. There are those who claim to have heard its walls resound with shrieks and imprecations.

Scene of Whipping and Death

Chapter on Old School Readers

The Collection for the St. Louis Fair Makes Information About These Books of Timely Interest

"IN my lonesomeness," wrote a Western man in New York a few years ago, "I stopped at Leggett's. I picked up an old volume which proved to be my dear old second reader. It cost 10 cents, and that night I obtained $3 worth from the volume."

Among all shabby books picked up from dusty outdoor boxes at old book shops, there are none of greater interest to the book-loving man or woman than old school readers. Just now, when old schoolbooks of various kinds are in demand for the exhibit of such relics to be made at the St. Louis fair, all old school readers take on increased value. The evolution of the American school reader—even if fragmentary, as deduced from the patch-work evidence of battered odd volumes—should be a matter of general interest. In one hundred years most curious changes have befallen the art of instruction in what has been termed "The crowning grace of education." In 1795 Lindley Murray, the noted English grammarian, compiled at Holdgate, near York, England, three school readers, elaborately entitled "The Introduction of the English Reader," "The English Reader" and "The Sequel to the English Reader." The latter volume ("Thomas W. Stout's Book") is a small, much-thumbed old brown book, with a half-soled hand-stitched leather back, evidently the work of some village cobbler. Its brown and yellow leaves are not illustrated; and its dullness of contents as a child's reader is almost incredible. One hundred and forty-eight "Pieces in Prose" and "Pieces in Poetry" are classified cumbrously as "narrative pieces, didactic pieces, argumentative pieces, descriptive pieces, pathetic pieces, dialogues, public speeches and promiscuous pieces." One pities the helpless little English boys and girls who had to stagger through such reading lessons as "Religion, the Foundation of Content," "The Benefits of Christianity," "The Character of Martin Luther," or such poems as "A Night Piece on Death," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." "Elegant and Correct," indeed, were Blair, Hume, Dr. Johnson, Dodd and Doddridge, but not necessarily entertaining or educational to young children. Murray's English readers treated strictly of English themes, Benjamin Franklin being the only American author admitted in those gloomy pages; but it is refreshing there to encounter the Earl of Chatham's resounding phrase: "I know that the conquest of English-America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America."

Baltimore in 1805 put forward a unique reading book—"The American Heroes"—a "collection of the lives of remarkable and eminent men who have contributed to the discovery, the settlement and the independence of America—calculated for the use of schools." This well-scuffed yellow leather volume—A. Miltenberg, Printer—presents sketches of Columbus, the Cabots, James Carter, Walter Raleigh, John Smith, John Robinson, George Calvert, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, General Charles Lee, Israel Putnam, David Rittenhouse and George Washington. Murray's English readers were reprinted in America until 1845, even unto the ninth edition; but their English tone and heavy contents did not satisfy American educators. In 1823 the Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, compiled "The American First Class Book"—now also a rare old brown leather-back, precious particularly to New England eyes. This volume of clear type and good margins contains 209 reading lessons—also classified as "didactick, pathetick, etc." but specially designed to give to the American youth examples of the best prose and verse of his native land and not "obnoxious to complaint" on the ground of politics; a republican reader for the children of a republic. The best authors of England and America, under John Pierpont's keen scent for good literature, make a volume still notable for its excellence. (J. W. Sprowle's book, price, $1). Selections from current publications, foreign and American, appear in this old school reader, but fervid American patriotism is the keynote of the compitation. In 1825 Boston also produced "The Historical Reader," another quaint little leather-back ("Andrew Bills; His Book") "for the use of schools and families, on a new plan," the title page states. The author, the Rev. John Lauris Blakely, with naive audacity, announced that he annexed no authors' names to the reading lessons, because, in many instances, he had seen fit to alter the phraseology of the selections. Three hundred pages of historical readings begin with "The Creation" and end with an "Address to the Deity" and twelve crude but interesting wood cuts range from the United States capitol to Solomon's Temple. The spirit of liberty pervades the little plump book, and human slavery is energetically denounced in many lessons. The High School reader of 1832 was also published by the Rev. J. S. Blakely, who was principal of a "Literary Seminary." In this book is palpably exhibited some ancient Bostonian religious war, as its preface claims for the compilation, "perhaps not so much literary excellence as in other particulars, more elevated ground than some other Boston readers." To uphold which claim no less than fifty clergymen appear as authors of selections presented in the contents. Another curious old reader is "The Political Class Book," also of Boston, 1831, by William Sullivan, counsellor at law, intended to instruct the higher classes in schools, in all States in the Union, in the origin, nature and use of political power. The political reader is notable for an alphabetical index; the first of its kind among all these old school readers.

Graded school readers began to appear in the thirties, and soon became numerous and excellent—to go on forever more, in public and private schools. The Sanders series were issued in New York in the forties, and Sanders's Fourth Reader "(Rachel Ann Marsh's Book") marks a distinct advance in lightness of touch over Boston's earlier and more serious compilations. The American child began to have a somewhat livelier time over his reading book. Piety and patriotism were as prominent, but "Wild Horses," "The Old Indian," "Field Flowers," "Niagara Falls" and "The Ocean" were mingled with poems on "Remembrance" and "Immortality." Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Jane Taylor, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Gilman and other "elegant female authors" are honored in the Sanders readers. The lighter vein goes on with its good work in the Tower & Walker series—Boston, 1848—a "Practical Reader" being followed by the "North American First Class Reader"—evidently about the last of the precious old brown leather back schoolbooks. Many much-loved old favorites are here: Ralph Hoyt's "Old Man on the Mossy Stone," "The Pebble and the Acorn," Gray's "Elegy," "The Deserted Village," "Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle," Marco Bozzaris's "Lochinvar" and the milkmaid, "who poised a full pail on her head."

Among the earlier cloth-back readers is found Salem Town's series, of Portland, Me., 1847. Patriotism fairly boils through the pages of "Town's Fourth Reader," and American authors have the field almost entirely—289 selections, prose and poetry, beginning with Bancroft and including Irving, Everett, Wirt, Willis, Longfellow, Beecher, Channing, Cooper, Patrick Henry, Peabody, Tuckerman, Bryant, Prentice, Miss Davidson and others. Pilgrims, Indians, emigrants, panthers, bison and gray eagles mingled with the American schoolboy's dreams of fifty-odd years ago.

To the school children of the present day, Goodrich's, McGuffey's and Wilson's excellent school readers would appear as ancient history, but the old-time boys and girls have not forgotten them, as frequent newspaper queries attest. Almost daily somewhere in newspaperland comes a call for some long-treasured lost poem, to be found only in these old school readers. "Most wonderful, wonderful" yet are the six old Goodrich readers of 1857, edited by Noble Butler, A. M., and published by Morton & Griswold, Louisville. Prefaces grew shorter as school book makers grew wiser, and the Goodrich readers had almost no message, no "foreword," except the rare, still unalphabetical table of contents. Few finer lay sermons on school life have been uttered than these concise lines of explanatory phrase: "These books are written to please, to attract, to excite the mind of the pupil; to rouse and develop his faculties; to inculcate moral principles; to establish sense of virtue, feeling of kindly charity, a reverence for religion, a nice regard for the rights, feelings and characters of others; a love of the works of nature and a reverent affection for their beneficent author." No modern scheme of school ideas has produced any better school readers than these same old Goodrich books. Like the "God Almighty's gentleman" of William Hazlitt, they could be presented at any court and stand the test. Numerous engravings adorn the Goodrich reading books, and they contain many old much-prized reading lessons—"Popping Corn," "Inchcape Rock," "Wind in a Frolic," "The Frost Looked Forth," "Village Blacksmith," "Old Armchair," "Old Oaken Bucket," "Battle of Blenheim" ("It Was a Famous Victory"), "The Better Land" ("Not There! Not There! My Child!"), "Spare the Birds," "Casabianca," "Uncle Dick," "The Gentle Boy," "General Marion's Dinner." Nowhere, indeed, could such an engaging inventory end. Of similar value, somewhat less comprehensive, were the old McGuffey's readers, published as early as 1846 and as late as 1857 in Cincinnati. Much-detested "definitions" appeared in the Goodrich and McGuffey readers, and long lines of boys and girls had to be "kept in" after school to groan and agonize over these apparently senseless devices of the book-makers. From the McGuffey readers branched out in 1853 a separate graded series of excellent books, called "The Indiana Series," designed to combine simplicity with sense, elegance with simplicity and piety with both. The "Indiana Third Reader" has a great eagle on its brown paper back, and "The Old Eagle Tree" still vividly abides in the Hoosier memory, together with "George and the Hatchet," "The Little Philosopher," "How Big Was Alexander, Pa?" "All Hollow, Hollow, Hollow," "Where is My Hat; It is Taken Away?" and "My Shoestrings are All in a Knot." Childish recollections seem most tenacious, and from the old, much-worn "Indiana Fourth" are recalled "The Speech of Logan," "The Town Pump," "The Lost Child," "Moss-Covered Bucket," "He Never Smiled Again," "It Snows" and "The Spider and the Fly."

Two most unique and charming school readers of the olden time are "The Ladies' Reader" of New York, 1859, and the "Hemans Young Ladies' Reader," 1847, published in Cincinnati, "with special regard to the cultivation of the female mind and heart."

EMMA CARLETON.

New Albany, Feb. 5.

A Future Power

By H. Barringer Cox

THAT this old, rock-ribbed earth of ours is one vast storehouse of unused magnetic energy is beyond question of doubt.

Some day we shall be using the magnetic earth currents to furnish us with light, heat and power, just as we are now using our natural waterfalls for such very purposes.

That this earth of ours is daily being swept by giant waves of magnetic energy has ceased to be a mooted question—science concedes it. In a current magazine article no less an authority than Professor Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, speaks of earth currents, not as fancies, but as facts.

The origin of the theory that this earth is magnetic is interesting, dating as it does far beyond the Christian era.

Way, way back, as far as in the days of the early Greeks, we find men vaguely suspicioning that a mysterious and mighty something was coursing through this old world of ours—a mighty yet indefinable, intangible something.

Yet, while they pondered, an unknown Greek, wandering along the base of a rugged and unexplored mountain of magnesia, gave them something to base their pondering upon, for at the foot of one of the mountains, in the rubbish of years, he noticed two dirty brown stones clinging together, end to end.

Drawing his sword, he attempted to separate them, when, to his utter amazement, as well as horror, they clung to his naked sword as though gripping it with unseen impish hands.

His first impulse was to cast them from him as being possessed of a devil, but upon second thought he gathered them up and carried them to the wise men of Athens, so that they might cast out the devils and destroy them.

The stones were lodestones, or what are now known as natural magnets; they derived their name from first being found in magnesia.

Large quantities of these lodestones are to be found in many parts of the world; in fact, they are quite common in New York and New Jersey. Lodestones are but iron ore, with the peculiar and interesting trait of not only absorbing the earth's magnetism, but of returning it.

When Marco Polo returned from his famous visit to China in 1295 he brought back with him to Italy among his curios an odd little bit of diamond-shaped cork wood on which was fastened a small stone. When the little cork diamond was floated in water it had the remarkable as well as interesting property of always pointing in the same direction, no matter how much or how often the vessel of water was turned or twisted. The so-called stone was a lodestone, or natural magnet, and, fastened as it was to that diamond-shaped bit of wood, it was the original of the indispensable mariner's compass of to-day.

The modern mariner's compass, as it is called, is a delicate bar of steel pivoted in the center and free to swing. When the bar has been magnetized by contact with a lodestone or permanent magnet it will, no matter how turned, always come to rest due north and south.

The compass is the indispensable guide for every ship—its faithful pilot across the trackless seas. By its aid Columbus discovered the Western hemisphere. Without it no ship of to-day would leave port. Its value as an invention is so very great that no price could possibly be put upon it.

The power that makes the compass needle point north and south and the power which made the lodestone is the power which will eventually be utilized by man—magnetic earth currents.

It requires but little stretch of the imagination to picture the furore over those "floating stones" and the new-found rocks from mystic magnesia, for take the radium lunacy of to-day and you have it.

The stones were no doubt rubbed on individuals to cast out the devils of lupus—cancer, leprosy, hydrophobia, bald-headed senators of Athens rehaired by a rub, male heirs guaranteed—but if the radium stories are not sufficiently lurid look up the liquid air craze or the X-ray insanity of yesterday.

Magnetic earth currents are facts, and with such mighty power idly flowing under our very feet it will not be long before the inventive genius of this country utilizes it.

Coal is but a bi-product of the sun and its quantity is limited—magnetic waves of energy are a direct product and are inexhaustible—we can use all we want and then some and still have plenty left.

I can fancy the smile of complacency that will beam from old Sol's honest energetic face when he sees us at last utilizing the energy he has been daily showering us with for lo! these many years, for it is from the sun we derive our abundant supply of vital magnetic energy.

With old Sol at out power house we shall run our magnetic fans and refrigerating plants to cool us in summer and our electric heaters to warm us in winter. Our railways will be operated by magnetic earth currents; our streets and homes one blaze of dazzling light from that same source—the sun.

Wireless communication will be through the earth where it rightfully belongs, not through the air as now.

As great, heavy-laden trolley cars now swish across the country, up hill and down dale, their hundreds and hundreds of horsepower derived from the slight touch of the flying trolley wheel against the taut-drawn wire above, so shall the ocean greyhounds, plowing through trackless seas derive their motive power from the even now present magnetic lines of force which girdle and regirdle this earth of ours.

The Nerve of Foley, Spearman's Story of a Daring Locomotive Engineer

A Night Run at Terrifying Speed During a Strike, and the Incidental Rescue of a Striker's Child on the Track

THERE had been rumors all winter that the engineers were going to strike. Certainly we of the operating department had warning enough. Yet in railroad life there is always friction in some quarter; the railroad man sleeps like the soldier—with an ear alert, but just the same he sleeps, for with waking comes duty.

Our engineers were good fellows. If they had faults, they were American faults—rashness, a liberality bordering on extravagance, and a headstrong, violent way of reaching conclusions—traits born of ability and self-confidence, and developed by prosperity.

One of the best men we had on a locomotive was Andrew Cameron; at the same time he was one of the hardest to manage, because he was young and headstrong. Andy, a big, powerful fellow, ran opposite Felix Kennedy on the Flyer. The fast runs require young men. If you will notice, you will rarely see an old engineer on a fast passenger run; even a young man can stand only a few years of that kind of work. High speed on a locomotive is a question of nerve and endurance—to put it bluntly, a question of flood and blood.

"You don't think much of this strike, do you, Mr. Reed?" said Andy to me one night.

"Don't think there's going to be any, Andy."

He laughed knowingly.

"What actual grievance have the boys?" I asked.

"The trouble's on the east end," he replied, evasively.

"Is that any reason for calling a thousand men out on this end?"

"If one goes out, they all go."

"Would you go out?"

"Would I? You bet!"

"A man with a home and a wife and baby like your's ought to have more sense."

Getting up to leave, he laughed confidently. "That's all right. We'll bring you fellows to terms."

"Maybe," I retorted, as he closed the door. But I hadn't the slightest idea they would begin the attempt that night. I was at home and sound asleep when the caller tapped on my window. I threw up the sash; it was pouring rain and dark as a pocket.

"What is it, Barney? A wreck?" I exclaimed.

"Worse than that. Everything's tied up."

"What do you mean?"

"The engineers have struck."

"Struck! What time is it?"

"Half-past three. They went out at 3 o'clock." Throwing on my clothes, I floundered behind Barney's lantern to the depot. The superintendent was already in his office talking to the master mechanic.

Bulletins came in every few minutes from various points announcing trains tied up. Before long we began to hear from the east end. Chicago reported all engineers out; Omaha wired no trains moving. When the sun rose that morning our entire system, extending through seven States and Territories, was absolutely paralyzed.

It was an astounding situation, but one that must be met. It meant either ignominious surrender to the engineers, or a fight to the death. For our part, we had only to wait for orders. It was just 6 o'clock when the chief train dispatcher, who was tapping at the key, said:

"Here's something from headquarters."

We crowded close around him. His pen flew across the clip; the message was addressed to all division superintendents. It was short, but at the end of it he wrote a name we rarely saw in our office. It was that of the railroad magnate we knew as "the old man," the president of the system, and his words were few:

"Move the trains."

"Move the trains!" repeated the superintendent. "Yes, but trains can't be moved by pinchbars nor by main force."

We spent the day arguing with the strikers. They were friendly, but firm. Persuasion, entreaties, threats, we exhausted, and ended just where we began, except that we had lost our tempers. The sun set without the turn of a wheel. The victory of the first day was certainly with the strikers.

Next day it looked pretty blue around the depot. Not a car was moved; the engineers and firemen were a unit. But the wires sung hard all that day and all that night. Just before midnight Chicago wired that No. 1—our big passenger train, the Denver Flyer—had started out on time, with the superintendent of motive power as engineer and a wiper for fireman. The message came from the second vice president. He promised to deliver that train to our division on time the next evening, and he asked: "Can you get it through to Denver?"

We looked at each other. At last all eyes gravitated towards Neighbor, our master mechanic.

The train dispatcher was waiting. "What shall I say?" he asked.

The division chief of the motive power was a tremendously big Irishman, with a voice like a foghorn. Without an instant's hesitation the answer came clear:

"Say 'yes.'"

Everyone of us started. It was throwing the gage of battle. Our word had gone out; the division was pledged; the fight was on.

The next evening the strikers, through some mysterious channel, got word that the Flyer was expected. About 9 o'clock a crowd of them began to gather round the depot.

It was after 1 o'clock when No. 1 pulled in, and the foreman of the Omaha roundhouse swung down from the locomotive cab. The strikers clustered around the engine like a swarm of angry bees; but that night, though there was plenty of jeering, there was no actual violence. When they saw Neighbor climb into the cab and take the run west there was a sullen silence.

Next day a committee of strikers, with Andy Cameron, very cavalier, at their head, called on me.

"Mr. Reed," he said, officiously, "we've come to notify you not to run any more trains through here till this strike's settled. The boys won't stand for it; that's all." With that he turned on his heel to leave with his following.

"Hold on, Cameron," I replied, raising my hand as I spoke; "that's not quite all. I suppose you men represent your grievance committee?"

"Yes, sir."

"I happen to represent, in the superintendent's absence, the management of this road. I simply say to you and to your committee that I take my orders from the president and the general manager; not from you nor anybody you represent. That's all."

Every hour the bitterness increased. We got a few trains through, but we were terribly crippled. As for freight, we made no pretense of moving it. Trainloads of fruit and meat rotted in the yards. The strikers grew more turbulent daily. They beat our new men and crippled our locomotives. Then our troubles with the new men were almost as bad. They burned out our crownsheets; they got mixed up on orders all the time. They ran into open switches and into each other continually, and had us very near crazy.

I kept tab on one of the new engineers for a week. He began by backing into a diner so hard that he smashed every dish in the car, and ended by running into a siding a few days later and setting two tanks of oil on fire that burned up a freight depot. I figured he cost us $40,000 the week he ran. Then he went back selling windmills.

After this experience I was sitting in my office one evening, when a youngish fellow in a slouch hat opened the door and stuck his head in.

"What do you want?" I growled.

"Are you Mr. Reed?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to Mr. Reed."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you Mr. Reed?"

"Confound you, yes! What do you want?"

"Me? I don't want anything. I'm just asking, that's all."

His impudence staggered me so that I took my feet off the desk.

"Heard you were looking for men," he added.

"No!" I snapped. "I don't want any men."

"Wouldn't be any show to get on an engine, would there?"

A week earlier I should have risen and fallen on his neck. But there had been others.

"There's a show to get your head broke," I suggested.

"I don't mind that, if I get my time."

"What do you know about running an engine?"

"Run one three years."

"On a threshing machine?"

"On the Philadelphia & Reading."

"Who sent you in here?"

"Just dropped in."

"Sit down."

I eyed him sharply as he dropped into a chair.

"When did you quit the Philadelphia & Reading?"

"About six months ago."

"Fired?"

"Strike."

I began to get interested. After a few more questions I took him into the superintendent's office. But at the door I thought it well to drop a hint.

"Look here, my friend, if you're a spy you'd better keep out of this. This man would wring your neck as quick as he'd suck an orange. See?"

"Let's tackle him, anyhow," replied the fellow, eyeing me coolly.

I introduced him to Mr. Lancaster, and left them together. Pretty soon the superintendent came into my office.

"What do you make of him, Reed?" said he.

"What do you make of him?"

Lancaster studied a minute.

"Take him over to the roundhouse and see what he knows."

I walked over with the new find, chatting warily. When we reached a live engine I told him to look it over. He threw off his coat, picked up a piece of waste, and swung into the cab.

"Run her out to the switch," said I, stepping up myself.

He pinched the throttle, and we steamed slowly out of the house. A minute showed he was at home on an engine.

"Can you handle it?" I asked, as he shut off after backing down to the roundhouse.

"You use soft coal," he replied, trying the injector. "I'm used to hard. This injector is new to me. Guess I can handle it, though."

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say."

"What is it?" I asked, curtly.

"Foley."

"Well, Foley, if you have as much sense as you have gall you ought to get along. If you act straight you'll never want for a job again as long as you live. If you don't, you won't live very long."

"Got any tobacco?"

"Here, Baxter," said I, turning to the roundhouse foreman, "this is Foley. Give him a chew, and mark him up to go out on No. 77 to-night. If he monkeys with anything around the house kill him."

Baxter looked at Foley, and Foley looked at Baxter; and Baxter not getting the tobacco out quick enough, Foley reminded him he was waiting.

We didn't pretend to run freights, but I concluded to try the fellow on one, feeling sure that if he was crooked he would ditch it and skip.

So Foley ran a long string of empties and a car or two of rotten oranges down to Harvard Junction that night, with one of the dispatchers for pilot. Under my orders they had a train made up at the junction to bring back to McCloud. They had picked up all the strays in the yards, including half a dozen cars of meat that the local Board of Health had condemned after it had laid out in the sun for two weeks, and a car of butter we had been shifting around ever since the beginning of the strike.

When the strikers saw the stuff coming in next morning behind Foley they concluded I had gone crazy.

"What do you think of the track, Foley?" said I.

"Fair," he replied, sitting down on my desk. "Stiff hill down there by Zanesville."

"Any trouble to climb it?" I asked, for I had purposely given him a heavy train.

"Not with that car of butter. If you hold that butter another week it will climb a hill without any engine."

"Can you handle a passenger train?"

"I guess so."

"I'm going to send you west on No. 1 to-night."

"Then you'll have to give me a fireman. That guy you sent out last night is a lightningrod peddler. The dispatcher threw most of the coal."

"I'll go with you myself, Foley. I can give you steam. Can you stand it to double back to-night?"

"I can stand it if you can."

When I walked into the roundhouse in the evening, with a pair of overalls on, Foley was in the cab getting ready for the run.

Neighbor brought the Flyer in from the east. As soon as he had uncoupled and got out of the way we backed down with the 448. It was the best engine we had left, and, luckily for my back, an easy steamer. Just as we coupled to the mail car a crowd of strikers swarmed out of the dusk. They were in an ugly mood, and when Andy Cameron and Bat Nicholson sprang up into the cab I saw we were in for trouble.

"Look here, partner," exclaimed Cameron, laying a heavy hand on Foley's shoulder; "you don't want to take this train out, do you? You wouldn't beat honest workingmen out of a job?"

"I'm not beating anybody out of a job. If you want to take out this train, take it out. If you don't, get out of this cab."

Cameron was nonplused. Nicholson, a surly brute, raised his fist menacingly.

"See here, boss," he growled, "we won't stand no scabs on this line."

"Get out of this cab."

"I'll promise you you'll never get out of it alive, my buck, if you ever get into it again," cried Cameron, swinging down. Nicholson followed, muttering angrily. I hoped we were out of the scrape, but, to my consternation, Foley, picking up an oilcan, got right down, and began filling his cups without the least attention to anybody.

Nicholson sprang on him like a tiger. The onslaught was so sudden that they had him under their feet in a minute. I jumped down, and Ben Buckley, the conductor, came running up. Between us we gave the little fellow a lift. He squirmed out like a cat, and backed instantly against the tender.

"One at a time, and come on," he cried

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